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IN VACATION.

Situs of Lawyers in Hell.—An anecdote is told that one cold night John C. Spink, Judge Way, and Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court, and a number of other lawyers of that day, were attending court in the Maumee Valley, and were stopping at a hotel kept by Mr. Kingsbury, an uncle of Col. Henry D. Kingsbury. They were sitting in a circle about a large fire-place, telling yarns and enjoying themselves hugely.

A man rode up to the hotel on horseback, dismounted, stripped off his overcoat, leather overshoes, and was escorted, before fairly warm, into the dining-room for supper.

After eating his supper, the stranger, who had the appearance of being a well-to-do farmer, was invited into the sitting room adjoining the bar-room, where the lawyers were seated before the fire. The man was cold, fairly chilled through from riding, but there was no move on the part of the lawyers to make room for him near the glowing logs in the fire-place, but they were otherwise quite cordial in their greeting, and evidently thought to have a little sport at the expense of the stranger.

One asked the man where he hailed from. "Chicago," was his reply. Then another inquired as to the condition of the roads there. "They are horrible," he said, and continuing, remarked that "the roads through the swamps between here and Chicago are the worst I ever saw—worse than h—ll."

This last remark struck Judge Way as an opening for the fun to begin, so he turned towards the stranger and said: "My dear sir you speak like one familiar with h—ll. How are things down there?"

To this the stranger replied: "Oh, it is there just as it is everywhere else, the lawyers are always nearest the fire."

The circle opened at once, and made room for the shivering stranger.

Lost Property.

Question: If a farmer owned a peacock and the peacock laid an egg in a neighbor's field, whom would the egg belong to?

Answer: Peacocks don't lay eggs.—The Bar.